

THE
MEN
OF
BRONZE

DOC SAVAGE

#10

\$1.50



CLUB READER



THIS ISSUE FOR:
MIKE COOK
AND
THE UNICORN



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Doc Savage

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1940-1

TWO COMPLETE
ADVENTURES IN ONE VOLUME

DOC SAVAGE

BY KENNETH ROBESON



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Frank Lewandowski / 2438 S. Highland Av. / Berwyn, IL. / 60402

Letters

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Dear Frank,

STOP THE PRESSES!! My God, Frank, I almost suffered heart failure. Page 23 of DSCR #9 - the letter signed Clark Savage, Jr. OK, who wrote it? Not funny! I have been reading Doc Savage for many years and I know he's fiction. But I always hoped he was real. (That's the Polish in me). Unbelievable how you can know something for a fact, but deep down, way back in a little corner of your mind, you don't want to believe it. Boy, you really know how to shake up a girl!!! Did you write it????

Sincerely,

Florence Breen
Bristol, Pa. 19007

NO!

Dear Frank:

I enjoyed DSCR #9 very much. I disagree with Mr. Hamilton though, about the current depiction of Doc on the Bantam paperbacks. He calls the current Doc - "an old grouch". True, the early covers did show him older than he really was, but not all the Bama covers were like that. Look at Doc paperbacks #55 and #58. Those are real beauties!! Also I disagree on the hairstyle. The original stories say (and I quote) "Doc's hair was flat, like a bronze skull-cap close to his scalp." Isn't that how Bama shows him? I like the current Doc better than the originals! Mr. Hamilton is also wrong (no disrespect - meant) when he says that most readers are old-timers. It's been proven that many of the readers are; science fiction fans, kids, nostalgia lovers, and also adventure readers. I have the highest regard for Frank's work and himself as a person, but I feel that he is wrong about the modern Doc.

And lastly, I would just like to compliment you on a job well done. As usual the articles, news, and cover reproductions were great! I especially liked the letter from Doc, wherever he may be. Keep up the good work. I feel I'm part of your club even though I live near Cleveland.

Best of Wishes,

John A. Good
Parma Hts., Oh.

I AGREE WITH I DON'T FIND MOST READERS ARE OLD-TIMERS. I HAVE FOUND OUT THAT MOST OF US RAISED ON THE DOC SAVAGE PAPERBACKS FAVOR THE BAMA DEPICTION. SOME OF MY FAVORITE DOC PAPERBACK COVERS ARE #13, 20, 26, 32, 37, 39, 43, AND 57. EVEN THOUGH I LIKE BAMA'S VERSION (DESPITE HAIR AND WRINKLES) I LEAN MORE TOWARDS BAUMHOFFER'S AS THE TRUER DEPICTION. AND ABOUT THE BAMA HAIR STYLE, MY DICTIONARY DESCRIBES SKULLCAP AS-- a cap closely fitting the skull and having no brim or peak. ISN'T THAT ONE OF THE THINGS THAT PEOPLE COMPLAIN MOST ABOUT BAMA'S VERSION, THE WIDOW'S PEAK?

Dear Mr. Lewandowski:

I have just read DSCR #9 and wish to comment on the matter of just who draws the best Doc Savage.

I tend to favor Bama's depiction over the pulp illustrations. I do agree that Bama makes Doc appear old, but his illustrations convey a sense of great -er power over the pulp illustrations. Doc looks more superhuman on the Bantam books than he did on the pulps.

This is another one of those issues that has more articles and such, than pages. Hence the reason for a page increase, from 28 (of late) to 32. This is also the reason for the price increase, though everyone who ordered this issue in advance, got the discount.

What everyone seemed to like most about issue #9 was the interview with Walter M. Baumhofer. In fact everyone in general pretty much liked the entire Baumhofer issue. So, why has it stirred up only the second, what can only be described as controversy, in the DSCR's short history. The first being the lack of clothing on one of our early pulp ladies pin-up (Margo Lane). There was a group who didn't mind at all, a group who did, and another group that didn't one way or the other.

Now, this second of conflicting opinions involves who draws the better depiction of Doc. Here there are two strongly opposed groups, those who like the pulp illustration (let us say Baumhofer) and those who prefer the paperbacks (Bama). The letters in this issue's 'Letters Page' are very interesting. All (except one) deal with this debate. Any wonder why I have a pulp illustration on the cover and a paperback one on the back.

This is also just about the only place I have room to mention the next Doc Savage release from Bantam. It will be another two in one volume this Fall - HELL BELOW and LOST GIANT.

George Pal passed away recently. Probably the only person who could have confirmed the reports of Warner Brothers heavy-handedness with George Pal's Doc Savage film - THE MAN OF BRONZE.

It looks like the Doc Savage Club Reader is coming to the end of the trail. (Yes, again!) But its not what it seems. Let me explain. From the very first issue of the DSCR, I said that even though this is primarily a Doc Savage fanzine, that doesn't mean we won't be hearing from other pulp heroes and from the forerunners and descendants of pulp heroes, for example the Man from U.N.C.L.E. article in this issue. And we have heard from a few of the other pulp heroes (and villains) even though Doc was the main staple in this 'zine's diet. But being called a Doc Savage Club Reader, has us probably categorized as just some DOC SAVAGE fanzine or confused with below par other Doc 'zines. I think its time for a change, and in doing so, spreading out. So right now, I'm looking for a new title for the DSCR. I have a couple in mind and one in particular, but I'm looking for more suggestions. Keep in mind the new format of the DSCR will be pretty much the same, except with new title and one or two added features. We'll be dealing with more of a variety of pulp heroes (and their aides), pulp villains (and villainess) the pulp writers, authors and artists. Contributors, keep in mind I'll be looking for material on the many pulp heroes (villains, aides, etc.) we've yet to cover in the DSCR - The Spider, Operator 5, The Avenger, Secret Agent X, The Phantom Detective, The Green Lama...to name a few.

Next issue I will list some of the suggested titles, for which you can vote for, and by the 12th issue, hope to have the winning suggestion and start the new year where DSCR left off (numberwise) but with a new title.

I have just enough room to thank all the contributors for their efforts in this issue, and everyone else who had a hand in getting this 10th issue together.

The pulp covers just portray Doc as being too ordinary.

Sincerely,
David Green
El Paso, Tx.

My Dear Frank Hamilton,

First let me say that I enjoyed your article in the DSCR #9. BUT, boy did my blood boil when I read the one paragraph, and I quote-- "a widow's peak extending down almost to his glabella!! (What's a glabella?) "Need I comment on the wrinkles? Frankly, I cannot imagine this weird-looking, aging, old grouch attracting any female-----"

How dare you speak about Doc in that tone--what kind of frog are you? I'm a 34 year old wife and mother and absolutely love that horrible image you so thoughtlessly described. I truly love the widow's peak and those mature wrinkles. What more could a girl ask !!

Why if he existed and was around today, he could put his shoes under my bed anytime!! (Contrary to what Jose Farmer has to say about his sex life)!!!

Sincerely,

Florence Breen

My Dear Mrs. Breen:

How very nice of you to write directly to me, instead of through Frank Lewandowski's letter column. However, you really should have expressed your thoughts publicly, thus giving the opportunity of expression to other fans of Doc's who may have ideas of their own on Doc's appearance.

I see no reason why we should keep this just between us. Let's have some fun with it and open the doors to all DSCR's fans. With this in mind, I've sent your letter and this reply to Frank L. for publication. Since you've chosen to kick off, I'll run with the ball, answering you in detailed fashion to avoid any further confusion to you.

I shan't tell you how much it means to me to have you enjoy my humble article. It is now several years old and should be revised, since it contains several errors, none having to do with Doc's looks, however. It's a great thrill to have "made your blood boil" as I haven't boiled a young lady's blood for quite some time, and I find the thought highly stimulating in my declining years.

In answer to your query, "What's a 'glabella' ?" I can only refer you to Webster's Dictionary---it's been in print for a substantial number of years, you know, and is readily available. Speaking of which, I have scanned my dictionary, and encyclopedia, and couldn't find anything even remotely resembling a "Florence Breen." What is it? Is it anything like a kielbasa ?

I do not understand your question, "what kind of frog are you?" My understanding of the word "king" (see dictionary) has always been in relation to "cows", and I've never heard of a "cow-frog", so I assume you're making some sort of blurred reference to a "bull-frog". But my only connection with a frog of any kind is through Norman ancestry. As a matter of fact, the Second Earl of Arran, James Hamilton, founded Hamilton Palace and was declared heir to the throne of Mary, Queen of Scots. Of course, Elizabeth put a queen-sized crimp in that arrangement, with the dismal result that we Hamiltons can now retaliate only by means of correspondence, instead of the more practical headman's axe. Pity.

As for "speak(ing) about Doc in that tone", actually, I didn't, you see, because the image to which I referred IS NOT DOC, despite your hallucinatory conviction to the contrary. Thanks to Walter N. Baumhofer, Doc is now and for ever Doc; and no Bantam art director, nor all the Florence Breens, in Pennsylvania or elsewhere, can ever alter that, despite their protestations, lamentations, gnashing of teeth, and rending of garments. Cling to your beloved idol, by all means, but never lose sight of the fact that you're burning your incense at the feet of a fraud, and not a very convincing one, either.

Without meaning any offense to your spouse, you've given me much to think about when you wrote: "I'm a 34 year old wife and mother and absolutely love that horrible image you so thoughtlessly" (Not so, I stated my opinion very deliberately.) "described. I truly love the widow's peak and those nature" (OH, GOD!) "wrinkles. What more could a girl ask!!"

Does that statement regarding your taste in heroes give me an accurate impression of Mr. Breen, or is he fortunate enough to look otherwise? (If only I had known, many years ago, of the appeal of my wealth of "nature" wrinkles!!!)

In regard to my "daring to speak about Doc in that tone", I've known Doc (Yes, Florence, there IS a Doc Savage.) and was drawing and painting him 10 or 12 years before your Mom and Dad ever dreamed they'd be the proud parents of a bouncing Florence Breen, nee? (You DO bounce, don't you? You sound as if you might.)

If you wish to realize your dream to have Doc "put his shoes under your bed anytime", then I suggest you send your photo to Frank L. for publication in BSCR's letter column, along with an invitation to Doc to deposit his footwear under your four-poster.

Nothing like advertising, Flo, and a picture is worth a thousand words.

Why don't you do as I do where Jose Farmer is concerned? Ignore him. I pay no heed to anything he says. His opinions and finely drawn conclusions crumble like corn-flakes when examined by those more knowledgeable than himself, and then very easily shifts into reverse.

I shall not end this as you did---"Sincerely", because not all of the above is said in the name of "sincerity". Most of it is in the spirit of fun with no offense intended.

All best wishes,

Frank Hamilton
Gloucester, Ma.

WELL READERS, WHICH DO YOU PREFER ?

*Conversation enriches the understanding
But solitude is the school of the genius.*
Gibbon

Jimmy Holm, Supernatural Detective

VS Dr. Death

by Tom Johnson

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In mid 1934 ALL-STORY DETECTIVE began a short story series about a certain villain named Doctor Death. This series was written was written by Edward F. Morris. In February 1935 this character was given his own magazine, this time written by Harold Ward, under the house-name of Zorro.

Doctor Rance Mandarin, alias Doctor Death, was a tall man, gaunt almost to the point of emaciation. His nose was hooked like a great bird of prey. His hair was snow white, worn long, with straggling gray locks hung in disorderly array. His cavernous eyes held a hypnotic power over men. He was a master of science and the occult, able at will to summon the elementals or his zombies. His goal was to revert the world back to its primitive age, with out science or machines. Of course he would stand at the top, the world under his control, and its people to do his bidding.

To combat this evil genius of crime, a hero was created in the same mold of OPERATOR #5, but with knowledge in the occult similar to the evil knowledge of Doctor Death, himself. Our hero was Jimmy Holm. He was tall, slender dark and keen-faced. He was also the newest man assigned to the force when Doctor Death first struck in "12 Must Die", nor had he been wanted, but he had been forced into the bureau against the wishes of the man who commanded it. Jimmy had been left an orphan at an early age as a result of an automobile accident. His father, dying, had placed his guardianship in the hands of his close friend and personal attorney, the man who afterward became mayor of the great city of New York. From childhood, Jimmy had shown an inclination toward the occult, the bizarre, the scientific. He had rounded off a career in college--distinguished by notable achievements in chemistry, psychology and occult research--by taking a trip to far-off lands. There, for several years, he had delved into his hobby to his heart's content. Returning to America, several times a millionaire, he had astonished his guardian by asking a place in the detective bureau. The mayor, after considerable argument, had finally acquiesced.

Like the OPERATOR #5 series, a fatherly image similar to Z-7, was decided upon to aid Jimmy Holm. But this character had to have his faults and bungling nature, again like Z-7, so that Jimmy would stand out as the hero, without any doubt. As Jimmy was a detective on the New York police force, the fatherly image could be none other than the head of that organization.

Detective Inspector John Ricks was a policeman of the old school. His broad shoulders slightly stooped, he had worked himself up from a humble beat to the position of head of the greatest detective force in the world. He was a "copper" from the soles of his squared-toed shoes to the top of his head. His cold, gray eyes glared at an unfriendly world from under a thatch of graying brows, his mouth was hard and uncompromising, his mustache, chopped short, seeming to accentuate his bulldog jaw. His general attitude was one of distrust and antagonism. He had clubbed and fought his way to the top, was honest to the core, a disciplinarian, a driver, beloved and feared by his subordinates--a man who demanded obedience and who was willing to enforce it, if need be, with club and fist.

Like any good hero, Jimmy had to have his own true love whom he would have to rescue several times throughout the story. Unlike OPERATOR 5's Diane Elliot, this girl was no reporter. She was the actual niece of the villain, Doctor Death.

She was an unwilling aide of Doctor Death. Her smooth skin was slightly tinted--the color of ivory. Her amber eyes were filled with knowledge and brimming over with life. Her face was filled with strength and beauty. Her clothing were of such fine texture that it revealed the seductive curves of her body as she moved. A taunting smile rested upon her full, red lips. She was more than an ordinarily pretty woman, was this Mina Ferrera.

There were three published novels in the DOCTOR DEATH series: "12 Must Die", February 1935; "The Gray Creatures", March 1935; and "The Shriveling Murders", April 1935. The fourth issue, "Murder Music", scheduled for May 1935, was not published, though it was written and only survives in manuscript form. Each story was fast paced, full of action and easily readable. But it lacked realism. Doctor Death was the only character that seemed to have substance. The other characters were merely puppets, even Jimmy Holm, created by a typewriter of Harold Ward. Reading the series one may often wonder just how these puppets ever defeated this super fiend known as Doctor Death. Though Jimmy Holm had been dubbed 'the supernatural detective' he seldom lived up to his fame.



Jimmy Holm, "Supernatural Detective" and--



... & a mysterious, exotic assistant of Doctor Death, Mina Ferrera.



from the diabolical rage of Doctor Death, after his capture.



Finally Jimmy slashed again when the loathsome thing kept shaking the Inspector after his head had been severed.



Once in awhile he would control a zombie with his mind, but mostly it was his sweetheart, Nina, whose powerful mind, almost equal to that of her uncle, would bring these bumbling detectives out of one scrap into another. But even with their combined efforts, Doctor Death would escape to strike again and again.

The President of the United States even became personally involved in the capture of Doctor Death. It was the President who formed the "Secret Twelve." There were 12 special men who were given the task of bringing the villainous Doctor Death to justice. The President was the head of the Secret Twelve, but under the advice of Inspector Ricks, he appointed Jimmy Holm as the managing director of the group. These twelve men consisted of seven leading scientists (men already marked for death); Milton David--head of the 'David Detective Agency', the greatest detective bureau in the world; Charles W. Blake--the head of the United States Secret Service; and Tony Caminetti--the uncrowned king of New York's underworld. The last two men, of course, were the President and Jimmy Holm. Just how powerful Jimmy was in leading this group of twelve, we are told in the President's own words:

"The Secret Twelve--the strangest organization that has ever been formed in this beloved country of ours--will adjourn. Until further notice we will take our orders from Mr. Holm. He becomes our chief." ("12 Must Die").

How good was Jimmy Holm? He was promoted to Captain at the end of the first story, even though he had less than 30 days on the force. But just how effective was he? Not very! Imagine, if you will, for one minute, the world situation; here is this mad scientist bringing the world to its knees, killing at will those he wishes to, destroying factories and machines with sinister weapons. Now take these 12 men, including the President of the United States, and leading them is Jimmy Holm whom the whole world depends upon. Now take the final action in the story titled "The Gray Creatures". They have Doctor Death at their mercy. He is their captive, when suddenly he takes over Nina's brain and soul with his mind: "I offer you the life of the girl you love--of Nina--for my freedom", said Death. The young detective looked up, his face haggard and drawn. "You win, damn you!" he snarled.

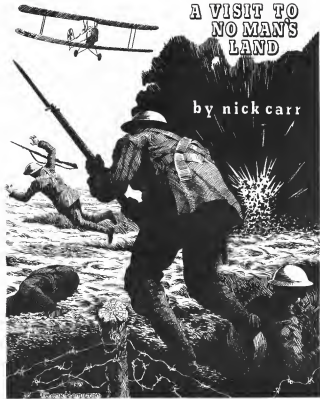
Good grief, he was allowing this murderer to go free in order to save his girl. A murderer so terrible that he made the world shake with fear! A murderer so evil that the President of the United States felt a need to be involved in his capture! And the other members of the Secret Twelve let him get away with this releasing of their prisoner. Unbelievable! No wonder Doctor Death was never defeated!

Was Jimmy Holm the ideal man to lead the Secret Twelve? How about Blake of the Secret Service, wouldn't he have been the better choice? But then maybe the Secret Service wasn't as efficient as it could have been, thus the reason that Blake was overlooked. Jimmy had a habit of busting in to the presence of the President unannounced. Where were the Secret Service men that guard the President from intruders like this? And all Jimmy got for his trouble was a handshake from the President, and words of encouragement like, "My boy, the fate of the world rests on your shoulders." Or, "God bless you, my boy." Great Scott, but doesn't this sound like OPERATOR #5 during the 'Purple Invasion' series a little later? In truth, the similarities between the writing styles and characterization technique of the three authors; Edward L. Morris, Harold Ward and Emille C. Tepperman are very alike in many ways.

As for Jimmy Holm, 'the supernatural detective', he was very ineffective in the stories of Doctor Death. No wonder the series ended after only three novels.

A VISIT TO NO MAN'S LAND

by nick carr



When Robert Weinberg published "The Flying Spy," a History of G-8 as his pulp classic number 18, the following chapter you are about to read had to be deleted because of manuscript length. It is printed herewith for your reading enjoyment because many have expressed interest in a place referred to during World War One as "No-Man's Land." This according to our friend Webster is defined as: "A strip of land between the most advanced trenches of opposing armies." I suspect my father had his own definition just as many of us did while serving in uniform during World War Two and Korea. G-8 as most of you know made countless trips as he moved into enemy territory. Many such ventures were detailed in great depth, vividly described within the body of the novel. Let's take a bird's eye view as seen from the typewriter of Robert S. Hogan.



ONE of our first looks came in ACE OF THE WHITE DEATH. It was in THE SILENT PATROL that only an eight of a mile separated the two opposing forces: "He scrambled over the sand bags. A shell burst out in the open space ahead. He flattened and lay still. The ground heaved under him. Earth, sodden and stinking, spattered down on him. The stench of the dirt mingled with human bodies choked him." (p.57).

There was one particular scene from THE CAVE-LAN PATROL that kept most of us on the edge of our chairs: "His body was rigid with suspense as he lay there before his own trench. He had gone perhaps a hundred feet when the ground dropped away into a depression. A shell hole. One of the great yawning pits made by the bursting of shells where a man could seek refuge in the waste space between the lines." (p.9).

THE MAD-DOG SQUADRON had G-8 looking down from five thousand feet, sitting in his Spad. "He could look straight down and see the twisted lines of the enemy trenches below him. And further to the north were the placements of artillery batteries. There were dots on the ground, moving dots that were men. Enemy troops moving about." (p.13).

RAIDERS OF THE SILENT DEATH (Chapters 10-11) gives an account of activity in one of those front line trenches: "There were doughboys huddled together in little groups, talking. G-8 could see them plainly in the light of the flares as they burst, one after another, above, keeping No-Man's Land brilliantly lighted."

VULTURES OF THE WHITE DEATH has a sketch revealing one section of an American trench with the sandbags piled along the top. (p.8).



Usually Mippy Weston or Bull Martin would transport him over the front lines by plane, therefore a few crash landings were not unfamiliar stuff. For this type of action read *PATROL TO END TWO AGES*, (p.30) and *SQUADRON OF THE DAMNED*, (p.64).

STAFFEL OF BEASTS (p.54) contained a most graphic outline by John Flea. ing Gould of Yank soldiers on the attack. Again G-8 watched in his Spad from the air: "Yank soldiers were storming out of the trenches, moving in a crouched position, they steadily crossed No-Man's Land. Germans were swarming over the top of their front lines, too. Men from both sides tore at each other and the desperate struggle of life and death was on."

There were also those periods when the process became reversed and G-8 attempted to return from the Vaterland to the American side of the lines. Such episodes are found in *KINGS OF THE DRAGON LORD* (p.38); *KINGS OF THE BLACK TERROR*, (p.28); *THE PALOOK FLIES WITH THE DAMNED*, (p.38).

A typical rescue is found in *VENGEANCE OF THE VIKINGS*: "He was holding the ship off as long as he could. Finally she settled, great wings catching on the edge of shell holes and the landing gear plowing into the mud of No-Man's Land. There was a crashing of steel and wood and wire, and the three were thrown forward. They were rescued a bit later by Yanks who pushed out in to No-Man's Land." (p.16).

THE DEATH MASTER'S LAST PATROL allows us a most graphic delineation of this place, especially in the opening chapter. Here the phrases take on an idiomorphic flow. It was as if Mr. Hogan became lost in another moment of time and everything coagulated. To some writer's there are periods when fiction and fact become one and even the reader cannot separate them: "All the star shells had died out, and for the moment darkness shrouded No-Man's Land. Guns bellowed from either side as they had bellowed for nearly four years. Here in the Yank front line trenches, near the German position, a figure crawled to the rifle step and then up over the sandbags. The rain dropped at him across No-Man's-Land in sheets. Once he got up and made a dash forward between bursting shells and plunged waist-high into a shell hole full of water.

Even sippy Weston got a taste of what it was like in SCENES FROM THE MURDER ALBES: "Sippy slipped over the sandbags and began crawling across No-man's-land towards the British lines. When the star shells burst above, Sippy lay in shell holes. He burrowed to get under barbed wire. He was on the Allied side of the entanglement at least. He moved more cautiously, for he was wearing a German uniform. Then he felt the muzzle of a pistol in his ribs. A scottish voice growled, 'Hole them high, my laddy, or ye'll be a dead un.'"

The weather of course was a constant factor and Hogan's descriptive passages again held to a great ring of truth and accuracy: "Over the Yank trenches, they could see the doughboys standing waist-deep in water. In some places, the trenches looked like zig-zagging canals, the roads were lengthened mud puddles. No-Man's-land seemed suddenly transformed into a great series of lakes." JINGS OF THE DOGGER, (p.15).

The stench of death permeated from No-Man's-land and was bound to attract rodents. We asked Master Engineer Harry Maston, one of the men who had been there and lived to tell about it, to give us his thoughts about the rats. "They were the biggest I ever saw in my life. I watched one of them devils chew a hole through galvanized iron."

Here now is a final portrait of C-8 in action: "It was growing late in the afternoon and little time was left. C-8 dropped into a shell hole half way across the edge of the barbed wire. There were other forms in that shell hole, a swarm of green bottle flies hovered the dead bodies, buzzing angrily as the Master Spy slithered in beside them. Savagely, he drove the insects away. For a few moments he lay there, listening. Then he climbed over the rim of the shell crater and moved on. Machine guns stuttered out from the Bosche lines again. The barbed wire was so thick that he couldn't see them clearly. When the gun fire ceased, he rose up, and with his wire cutters, clipped a hole in the barbed wire. Then he slipped through and kept cutting the wires as he moved. Crack! A rifle barked out not far away in the direction of the German trenches and C-8 felt the blow as the bullet struck his helmet and glanced off. They had spotted him".



No-Man's-land was created by human beings and oftentimes we have a sort of stereotyped photograph in our mind's eye of the German soldier. C-8 in reality faced a very dedicated enemy. The Master Spy knew this. So did my father when he penned these comments on 10 August, 1918 from France: "The unscrupulous and ambitious rulers of the enemy have instilled into the very soul of each Hun fighter the positive and fixed impression that he is fighting for his life and his future home and existence and as a result he is fighting hard, with all his might and strength, and splendidly equipped as he is, there is no other nation on earth, except our own, that can fight as viciously as the German soldier."



DOC SAVAGE

10¢ MAY 1939

A STREET & SMITH PUBLICATION

THE GOLD ORE
COMPLETE NOVEL

and other stories

the golden boys by will murray

-16-

You remember them--Don North, B. Elmer Dexter, Morris "Mental" Byron and Leander "Funny" Tucker--the quintet of trouble-loving lads who cavorted through The Gold Ogre, a Doc Savage novel. They were a sort of junior Doc Savage and his crew in themselves, and they edged Doc's men (except for brief appearances by Monk and Han) out of the novel.

They were four golden boys. Don North was the recognized leader, a quiet ambitious young Hercules who was the physical match of most men. He had a lot in common with Doc Savage.

B. Elmer Dexter was the excitable go-getter. He was forever planning excursions to the poles and like ventures. He and Don came from poor parents.

Mental Byron was the dreamer and philosopher of the group. Full of deep thoughts, he was short on action and looked like Abe Lincoln.

Funny Tucker was a walking joke book. He possessed a big appetite and a bigger body. He was fat, his father, like Mental's, was rich.

The four of them first got together at Camp Indian-Laugh-And-Laugh, a boy's camp at an undisclosed location. There they met and from there they launched into the affair of the gold ogres, which began when a tiny golden caveman attacked Don's father, Thomas North, in the Great Lake's industrial town of Crescent City. This is one of those crazy romps similar to The Preck-led Shark and The Yellow Cloud Lester Dent was producing in the late thirties. It's full of strange and comical characters--besides the boys, there is Marcus Gild, a fat industrial czar, Tony Pandorra, a comic-relief Italian, a young man named Vick Francks and a pretty redhead, Vee Main, Gild's secretary.

An unlikely group, but then, it's an unlikely plot. Crescent City is being terrorized by a band of tiny golden cavemen. They are ugly little critters, dressed in loin cloths and carrying thorn-studded clubs. They live in a cave, to which they take some of their victims. The rest of them fall victims to a strange malady that makes them run amuck.

Don, B. Elmer, Mental and Funny investigate the disappearance of Thomas North and find trouble, and more trouble. They also learn that the Scrooge-like Marcus Gild owns a collection of golden cavemen statuettes, which he claims were stolen. Could these have come to life?

The boys call in Doc Savage, who neatly solves the whole thing. It's a trick to take over Crescent City's industries, and the cavemen are midgits who have been hired to help pull off the hoax. (That makes the second time Doc tangled with circus freaks; the villains in The Monsters were pinheads from the Atlas Congress of Monsters. Same outfit?) The midgits have names like Fiddle, Faddle and Diddle (Fiddle's brother). Never mind who the villain is.

The Gold Ogre is, really, just a minor Lester Dent novel, but the boys are plainly not just along for this adventure. At the end of the story, the boys, who didn't exactly get along with Monk and Han, approach the Man of Bronze:

"We've got an idea," Don Worth explained.
 "It's a swell idea," B. Elmer said.
 "Is like excitement," Fanny Tucker added.
 "So we figured it would be swell to join you."
 Don Worth told Doc Savage, "on one of your future adventures."

Somewhat to his own surprise, the bronze man discovered he was not adverse to the idea. Many persons had wanted to join his little group in the past, and he turned down the applicants as fast as they came, for one reason or another. But these boys were different. They were four young fellows who were unusual, had courage, and a great many likable qualities.
 "We'll see," Doc Savage said. "It might be managed."

Doc Savage readers, putting down the May, 1939 issue, must have cringed at the thought and decided that dark days were ahead for their favorite hero.

Not so. As we all know, the boys from The Gold Ore never showed their faces again. So why were they introduced in the first place?

The story has a simple beginning. Around 1938, Gerald Smith, heir to the Street & Smith firm, along with a fellow Princeton senior, Shorty Whitaker, organized a summer camp for boys in the Canadian woods. They were looking to publicize this camp, and Street & Smith business manager Henry W. Ralston suggested Doc Savage editor John Hanovic might help. So Smith and Hanovic got together, and the latter produced a brochure. The brochure helped nicely. Camp applicants doubled.

But that wasn't all. The boys camp planted a seed in Henry Ralston's mind. Doc Savage was then experiencing a sales slump, as sometimes happened. It occurred to Ralston that introducing some new recurring characters might be advantageous. They were always introducing new characters in The Shadow for that reason, and Doc Savage had had a basically fixed cast with the exception of the addition of Pat Savage (and before her, Lea Aster) and the pets, Habeas Corpus and Chemistry.

So, Henry Ralston came up with three young boys. They were to be "Toughy" Gillette, Jr., son of a wealthy manufacturer, "Tiny" Edwards, a lawyer's son, who was to be a big, husky carman, and "Tubby" Jenkins, a roly-poly ship-owner's son. Supposedly, these characters were based upon actual boys who had attended the Canadian summer camp.

Ralston's suggestions as to names and backgrounds were duly passed on to Lester Dent--who dully ignored them, and created his own group of boys. Dent was no fool. If he used Ralston's names, they would be Street & Smith characters. By creating new characters out of whole cloth, they would become his property, just as he retained certain rights to Doc Savage because he helped create the Man of Bronze.

Dent's outline to The Gold Ore ends with the following note:

This yarn will introduce four schoolmates and chums, who will be strongly characterized with the idea of making the readers like them sufficiently to warrant carrying them over into a series of novels of their own.

Meanwhile, the idea had grown beyond the introduction of a second-string of Doc Savage aides to the possibility of spinning-off a new series--in Lester Dent's mind, at least. Here this new series would have wound up and who would have written it (not to mention what on earth they could have called the series if it had gotten it's own magazine) remain unanswered questions. Don North and his sterling friends never returned to the pages of Doc Savage.

And why not?

Simple. The regular readers responded in a way no editor can misunderstand: They were absolutely silent. There was no praise, not even the excited condemnation such as greeted the introduction of Kargo Lane into The Shadow years later (which at least indicated interest).

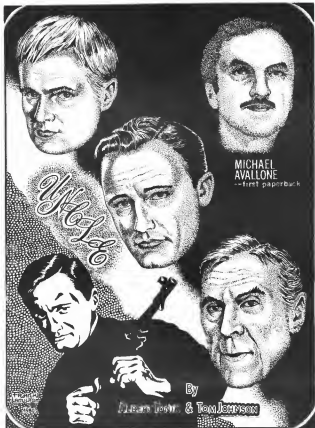
If you stop and think about what a circus the pages of Doc Savage would have become if Don, B. Elmer, Rental and Punny had joined Doc, Konk, Sam, Renny, Johnny, Long Tom, Pat, Habeas Corpus and Chemistry on a regular basis, you have to be very glad. One Gold Corp is enough.

ANSWERS TO:

DOC SAVAGE TITLE CHALLENGE BY WILL MURRAY

1-G 2-J 3-B 4-P 5-I 6-N 7-H 8-D 9-E
10-F 11-K 12-O 13-A 14-Q 15-N 16-R 17-O 18-L





MICHAEL
AVALLONE
--first paperback

YCLE

By

ALAN BORN & TOM JEFFERSON

First published
1997



BY
ALBERT TONIK
AND
TOM JOHNSON

-20-

Who remembers the United Network Command for Law and Enforcement? Who remembers that great international team that fought desperately to keep the world from falling under the dominance of the worldwide, evil organization, THRUSH? The U.N.C.L.E. team included such stalwarts as Alexander Javerly, Napoleon Solo, Iliya Nickovitch Kuryakin, Del Floria, Heather McNab, April Dancer, Mark Slate, and Randy Kovac (Randy Kovac?).

The TV show, THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E., ran for three and a half years. At one time it was considered one of the most popular of the TV shows. It generated a spin-off, THE GIRL FROM U.N.C.L.E., which was not as popular and lasted only one year. There were many novels written about the organization. Ace Books published a series of paperbacks for six years. Lee Margulies published a monthly magazine on MAN for two years and a bi-monthly one on GIRL for one year. There was even a bi-monthly comic by Gold Key on MAN which lasted for four years and on GIRL, a year. U.N.C.L.E. was truly an international phenomenon because there were a number of British publications as well.

All of these stories were in the grand tradition of the pulps. There was the wise old veteran who directed all activities from off stage. Alexander Javerly was always smelling out where THRUSH was going to strike next and would send his agents to counter the THRUSH thrust. He would handle pipes incessantly but rarely smoked them. The agents would bumble their way from situation to situation. They would get captured and put into ingenious and some times bizarre death traps. They would escape, sometimes by luck, sometimes by using the brilliant gadgets invented by the U.N.C.L.E. scientists. Finally they would overwhelm the master plotter and destroy his evil scheme. All through the story the THRUSH people blunder inanely. They would not follow through on their plans but instead would waste time leaving clues for U.N.C.L.E. agents to follow and setting those death traps. The people at U.N.C.L.E. never uncover a THRUSH plot at its inception but only just before THRUSH is ready to spring it upon an unsuspecting world. Then, of course, there was always the innocent bystander who gets caught up in the swirl of activity and is bewildered by it all. There is suave, debonair Napoleon Solo whose quick smile always wins the girl. There is his sidekick, the Russian Iliya Kuryakin, who rarely shows emotion and is the smarter of the two.

How did all of this come about? Here are some of the highlights. The era of the superheroc character who fought for the common man against evil seemed to die out after World War II. Most of the pulp characters disappeared in the middle 1940's. Even the comic book characters vanished (except for a few like Superman). Then in the late 1950's and the early 1960's public interest was rekindled by a new character who burst upon the scene. He was James Bond, Secret Agent 007. There are rumors that U.N.C.L.E. is a direct descendant of Bond and was invented by Ian Fleming. This allegation is only partially true according to Sam Rolfe, the producer of the show during the first year. Doc Savage is just as much an ancestor as Bond. The following is abstracted from a letter from Sam Rolfe. (Smaller things were stated in an article by Peter Bogdanovich in TV Guide).

"I lived for the monthly issues of Doc Savage. I saved every penny I could lay hands on to save up the dime - then haunted the magazine stand every day for the week it arrived."

"How was U.N.C.L.E. conceived? Norman Felton and Ian Fleming had a few conversations in which Ian agreed to invent a series for Norman. An NBC exec took them to lunch and wanted to know what the series was about. Ian casually mentioned that he was thinking about a hero named 'Solo', a name he had given a minor villain in an earlier Bond novel. Norman tacked on the name 'Napoleon'. Norman knocked out a couple of pages about a man who belonged to some thing like the CIA and took orders from the President".

"Ian was ill. Norman came to me. I wrote a prospectus for a new series--called the organization U.N.C.L.E., invented in detail all its workings, made it international so that it did not become the U.S. vs. the REDS every week. I invented THROSH as a backup villain to use when we failed to come up with a suitable opponent. I fleshed out Solo, invented Iliya Kuryakin and Mr Waverly, started developing the gimmicks of the gadgets. Norman told NBC that Ian was out. They liked my concept and ordered a script.

"U.N.C.L.E. always depended upon a very delicate balance between the absurd and the real. I insisted upon sticking a normal person into every episode who kept looking around things happening to himself and remarking that he did not believe any of it. After I left, this delicate balance got out of hand and the stories slid into pure cartoonery, especially in THE GIRL FROM U.N.C.L.E. I feel that properly controlled, U.N.C.L.E. could have stayed alive for ten years - becoming a classic piece of Americana."

Now let us trace the history of U.N.C.L.E. NBC aimed for the 1964-65 season. They were going to have 32 shows followed by 19 repeats. The telecasts were slated for Tuesdays from 8:30 to 9:30. In May, they produced a promotional booklet for the show to attract sponsors. A one minute commercial would cost between \$34,000 and \$41,000, while during the repeat telecasts the cost would drop to \$26,000. This document describes the U.N.C.L.E. organization thusly:

"In New York City's East Fifties, a few blocks from the United Nations enclave, there is a row of buildings consisting of a large public parking garage, four dilapidated brownstones and a modern three story whitestone.

"If you could peel away the outer skin of the decaying brownstones, you would find a modern three-story office building staffed with alert young men and women of many races, creeds, colors and national origins...as well as a bewildering array of modern machinery for business and communication. There are four known entrances. There are no staircases; four elevators handle the vertical traffic. Below the basement level is an underground channel leading to the East River, where several fast motor launches are anchored out of view of prying eyes. A climb up to the roof and an examination of the large neon-lighted advertising billboard might discover its supporting pillars conceal a high-powered shortwave antenna and elaborate receiving and sending gear.

"The organization Chart of U.N.C.L.E. breaks down the personnel into six sections...each subdivided into two departments, one of which overlaps the functions of the section below it:

- Policy and Operations
- Operations and Enforcement
- Enforcement and Intelligence
- Intelligence and Communications
- Communications and Security
- Security and Personnel

"At the very pinnacle of this power structure are five men of different nationalities who head up the Policy and Operations section. Nobody knows how these leaders enter or leave their offices. (Could there possibly be a fifth entrance?)"

And then there is THRUSH. "THRUSH is a super-nation, without geographical boundaries: a series of self-contained units in various sections of many countries of the world.

These units, or satrapies, may take the form of a manufacturing complex, or a school, or a chain of underground tunnels and caverns, or a department store. They exist as a functional part of the society in which they are located. But they have a shadowy existence all their own, a secret life in which their personnel dedicate their fanatic loyalty to THRUSH.

"THRUSH's inflexible purpose is to dominate the earth.

"There is an almost governmental structure of authority in THRUSH. At the top is the council: a group of men and women, all leaders in their various fields, almost all super-intellects.

"Most important of all, THRUSH has the Ultimate Computer. All decisions of the council are made by this apparatus. An almost infallible thinking machine, it has been developed by the brightest minds of THRUSH.

"While its enormous treasury is replenished constantly through illegitimate as well as legitimate enterprises, THRUSH is far more than a mere international clique of clever criminals. It is a tightly organized world-wide syndicate that has at its command all the newest weapons, methods of communication and transportation facilities, plus research and industrial components that would do credit to any modern country."

There are the people at U.N.C.L.E.: "Mr. Waverly, one of the men at the peak of U.N.C.L.E.'s organizational structure, has a poor memory when it comes to names and other trivia. So he talks around them pausing, hesitating and 'har-rumphing' his way. Waverly is fully aware of the dangers involved in the situations into which he places his operatives. He has analyzed the facts thoroughly before assigning each and every agent to his particular job.

"A seedy man, Mr. Waverly handles a pipe incessantly but never smokes one. He is quite good in a fight, and when the fight is over, he quickly returns to his work; a duel, once ended, is done with."

Leo Grattan Carroll is Mr. Waverly.

"Napoleon Solo, one of U.N.C.L.E.'s top agents, is dashing, sophisticated, with an easygoing manner and quick smile. He maintains a small apartment in a luxury building overlooking the East River. The decor has a nautical flavor, reflecting Solo's love for the sea and possibly a hangover from his service days as a commander of a corvette in the Royal Canadian Navy."

"In college, Solo was a philosophy major, a language minor. He made the swimming and lacrosse teams; never joined a fraternity."

"Solo is more than capable of taking care of himself: calm, quick-thinking, well-trained, ingenious, coldly calculating when the cards are stacked challengingly against him. His mind is as great an ally to him as is the specially designed U.N.C.L.E. weapon, which has an ingenious stock and a long barrel, and gives devastating and compact fire to a single man."

Robert Vaughn is Napoleon Solo.

"Illya Kuryakin is an agent in Solo's section. He is clever, physically adept, a good man to have at one's side in a tight spot. But he is a loner, introverted, not at all gregarious. Like a machine that has been fashioned for a specific purpose, nothing seems to exist for him but his task to be performed.

"Illya maintains an austere apartment in the same building as Solo, the only man who has been able to get close enough to him to discover his secret love of jazz."

David McCallum is Illya Kuryakin.

"Heather McNab is U.N.C.L.E.'s communications-research head"

May Weatherly is Heather McNab.

"The Man From U.N.C.L.E. has been designed to attract all viewers who dream of high adventure, who are fascinated by the bizarre and the dangerous, who long for the glamour of foreign locales. Fantastic as its episodes sometimes seem, The Man From U.N.C.L.E. will be based on facts pertaining to today's world. Treated with the rich fullness of fictional adventure, the background and subject matter of every teleplay will have a ring of truth to it, reflecting stories appearing in current newspaper headlines at home and abroad."

The first episode of THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E., THE VULCAN AFFAIR, appeared on the little screen on Tuesday, September 22, 1964. The truth of the matter is that it was not a huge success. The show stumbled along for 14 episodes. Came January and NBC was thinking of cancelling the show (according to TV Guide). Instead they rescheduled it to Monday at 8:00. Beginning on January 11, 1965, 15 more shows were broadcast. The show began to attract viewers. The popularity grew. The second year the show switched to Fridays at 10 PM. After 28 adventures the show was one of the most popular. Two of those adventures were two-parters. The third year they moved to 8:30 on Friday. Again this year, there were 28 sagas with two of them taking two hours each. The fourth year they returned to Monday at 8. After January 15, 1968, the show was cancelled. The season consisted of 14 stories with two being two-parters. There was a total of 99 stories with six being two-parters. All of this data came from back issues of The New York Times, TV Guide and Don Rosa checklist in this book for OMNICON 1976.



During the popular second season the producers thought about a spin-off series. They produced a pilot for that series and aired it as a MAN FROM U. N.C.L.E. episode, THE MOONGLOW AFFAIR on February 25, 1966. It starred Mary Ann Mobley (a former Miss America) as an agent trainee, April Dancer, and Norman Fell (Mr. Roper of THREE'S COMPANY and THE ROPERS) as the veteran, Mark Slate, who was to take Dancer under his wing. However when THE GIRL FROM U.N.C.L.E. appeared during the third year of THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E., April Dancer was portrayed by Stefanie Powers and Mark Slate by Noel Harrison (the son of Rex Harrison). THE GIRL FROM U.N.C.L.E. was on Tuesday at 7:30. The first episode, THE DOG GONE AFFAIR, appeared on September 13, 1966. That year there were 29 episodes of GIRL. The show was not renewed. Alexander Maverly handed out assignments to Dancer and Slate every week. So Leo Carroll was one of the first actors to play the same character in two different TV series at the same time. At a later time, Richard Anderson had the distinction of playing the same character, Oscar Goldman, on two different networks at the same time. One of the characters in the GIRL series was a high school student who wanted to be an U.N.C.L.E. agent. He hung around U.N.C.L.E. headquarters. His name was Randy Kovac and he was played by Randy Kirby (the son of Durwood Kirby who was an announcer for many years and appeared on CANDID CAMERA).

The TV show had another offshoot. The producers decided to make motion pictures of some of the episodes. They did not write any new scripts, for the first movie they used the pilot version of the first episode. However a one hour TV show is not long enough for a feature length movie, so they beefed it up with extra scenes. They later took those extra scenes and made another TV episode around them. That episode was number 21, THE FOUR STEPS AFFAIR, shown on February 22, 1965. The scenes were those with Luciana Paluzzi. The movie was titled TO TRAP A SPY and when released, did not do well. In the movie, U.N.C.L.E. is run by Mr. Allison (not Alexander Maverly) and the evil organization is WASP (not THRUSH). How fortuitous that they changed the name from a dangerous insect to a gentle bird, since WASP has come to have a specific meaning in the intervening years. Later movies were released in Europe and because of good advance publicity did very well for MGM.

There are some interesting incidents connected with the TV show. One of the authors, Alan Caillou, who scripted a half dozen shows was also an actor. In each of his shows he plays one of the supporting characters. In one scene of the seventh episode THE GIUGCO PIANO AFFAIR shown on November 10, 1964, there was a wild party. Some of the revelers at the party were played by executive producer Norman Felton, producer Sam Rolfe, associate producer Joseph Calvelli, and director Dick Donner (who has since done SUPERMAN THE MOVIE).

When the TV show started in September 1964, MGM sent circulars to the various publishers to let them know about the show so that they could make plans to print stories based on it. Three publishers decided to take a chance and signed a contract with MGM. The first book to appear was a comic by Gold Key in February 1965. This was followed shortly by a paperback novel from Ace Books. Then a little later in the year a large Wonder Book appeared from Grosset & Dunlap. The show was just beginning to be a hit, and some of these did well. All of these stories plus all that followed are originals. The Wonder Book was written by Walter Gibson who wrote most of The Shadow stories from the pulp of the same name. After the TV show became a hit, six other book publishers jumped on the bandwagon and issued some U.N.C.L.E. stories.

The comic book series by Gold Key was the first but not the best. For the first several issues they tried to do a credible job of storytelling by using all 32 pages. As the page count per story dropped so did the quality. The only date the first two issues carried was 1965. With number three, Nov. 1965, a bi-monthly schedule was announced. After the show was cancelled in January 1968, it was dropped to quarterly but only lasted a few more issues. In fact #21 and #22 were reprints. When THE GIRL FROM U.N.C.L.E. show started in September 1966, they started a GIRL FROM U.N.C.L.E. comic. It lasted for 5 issues and snuffed out when the show was not renewed.

The interesting series were the paperbacks. The first was published by Ace Books. Terry Carr had suggested to his boss, A.A. Wyn, that they publish some stories in the James Bond mold. So when the proposal came from MGM, they signed a contract and made Terry Carr the editor. Before heading Ace Books, A.A. Wyn ran Magazine Publishers which published a number of pulp magazines such as Secret Agent X, Ten Detective Aces, and Captain Hazard. Today, Terry Carr puts out a successful set of science fiction anthologies. He has been kind enough to supply background material for this article. A senior editor at Ace, Donald Wollheim (now of DAW Books), signed Michael Avallone to do the first novel. He wrote the story in a short period but it had to be rewritten several times to match the mythos that was building around the characters and the organization. After the book was published, Wyn decided to publish a series.

They did not want Avallone to write any more U.N.C.L.E. stories so they got Harry Whittington (through the Scott Meredith Agency) to do the second one. Then a fan, David McDaniel, wrote and said that he could write a better story and indeed he did. But it was late. In the meantime a series of British paperbacks (by Souvenir Press and Four Square Books) appeared. The first two were reprints of the Ace books and then they branched out into their own originals. So the third Ace book was a reprint of a British book by John Oram. Over the following years, the British published 16 books of which 6 were Ace reprints. Ace published 13 of their own books and reprinted all ten of the British books. Even after the show went off the air, they were still publishing originals, but thereafter they ran out the string with reprints.

Of all the authors, David McDaniel was the best and the most innovative. He provided new insights into the people behind both U.N.C.L.E. and THRUSH. In his first book, number four of the series, he introduced THRUSH as an acronym for the Technological Hierarchy for the Removal of Undesirables and the Subjugation of Humanity. He claimed it was a direct descendant of the organization set up by Professor Moriarty. In number six, he used Forrest Ackerman as a character. In number thirteen, he sprinkled the story with a slew of characters such as Sherlock Holmes, Fu Manchu, Mayland Smith, The Saint, Father Brown, and Mrs. Marple. In number eight, he inserted a hidden message. The first letter of the chapter titles spelled out, AAWYNISATIGHTWAD. He wrote one novel, THE FINAL AFFAIR, which was never published. Ace considered it but turned it down. It would have been the end of the series. This is probably the source of the rumor that there was a #24 in the series. Gavin Claypool is now trying to publish it in hardcover. If you are interested in purchasing it send \$12 to Extequer Press, PO Box 4193, Pasadena, Ca. 91106.

After Michael Avallone had finished the first U.N.C.L.E. story, he started to write a second. It was not accepted by Ace Books. Also he wrote a Nick Carter, but the Award people did not want it even though he had written some of the early Nick Carter's. When THE GIRL FROM U.N.C.L.E. show was planned, Signet Book (The New American Library) decided to issue a paperback series on that show. They hired Avallone to do it. He used his U.N.C.L.E. plot for the first story and for the second resurrected his Nick Carter plot. Then Signet cancelled the series. Avallone had written a third novel and tried to sell it to Ace. They turned him down again. In England, Four Square Books, published a set of GIRL FROM U.N.C.L.E. paperbacks. They had three stories and reprinted the first Avallone one.

Another series started in February 1966. It was a digest sized monthly magazine published by Leo Margulies Corporation. Margulies was another one who came from the pulp magazines. He edited the Thrilling line. The only thing left of the Margulies empire is Renown Publications which publishes Mike Shayne. For the author of THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E. stories, he decided to use the house name Robert Hart Davis. These short novels were only about 25,000 words but they were packed with action. The first story, THE HOWLING TEENAGERS AFFAIR, was written by Dennis Lynds (see the story of Dennis Lynds by John Edwards in The Unicorn, Number 4, Oct. 1979). He was writing the Mike Shayne stories for Margulies at the time. The second story was written by Harry Whittington. He has the distinction of writing the second story for both MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E. series. At this time Lynds was also writing, under the name Maxwell Grant, the eight Shadow novels published by Belmont Books. During the first year of the magazine, the stories were alternately written by Lynds, Whittington and John Jakes. Thereafter a variety of authors were used until the magazine ceased publication on January 1968 the same month the TV show was cancelled.

When THE GIRL FROM U.N.C.L.E. TV show started, Margulies started a companion magazine called THE GIRL FROM U.N.C.L.E. It was a bi-monthly and they used the same house name for the author, Robert Hart Davis. The first issue was dated December 1966 and it ceased publication at the same time as its companion magazine. These stories were written mainly by Richard Deming and I. G. Edwards.

The last series to mention was by the Whitman Publishing Company. This series was strictly for the younger readers. There were two stories in the Authorized TV Adventure hard back books. Finally there was a Big Little Book.

The various U.N.C.L.E. series had a vigorous life while they lasted. The whole milieu deserves a niche in the realm of American popular culture. Many people believed that such an organization existed. Recently, I took a walking tour of New York City looking for a likely location that could have served as a model for the New York Headquarters of U.N.C.L.E. I could not find it. If there ever was such a place, it has disappeared in the name of urban renewal.



ONE of my favorite portraits of Nita Van Sloan is found in "The Devil's Pawnbroker," May, 1937 issue of the Spider. It just has to be about one of John Fleming Gould's best. Another of his sketches I admire is one of Diane Elliot, found in the Purple Invasion epic titled "The Bloody Forty-Five Days. I think I must have had a crush on Diane even back then at the tender age of fourteen...

Through the kindness of author Bob Jones and the gang at the Natinal Newspaper Archives in San Francisco I was able to secure copies of two short stories by my cousin, John Dickson Carr. One, "The Door To Doom," was published in Horror Stories of June 1935. The other, "The Man Who Was Dead," appeared in Dime Mystery, May, 1935. In his note to me Jones said: "With the outrageous cost of pulps these days, you'll probably never try to get hold of these copies." He's right as far as the originals are concerned. Also John Dickson Carr was published in Detective Book Magazine, Winter issue, November of 1952--January, 1953. It featured a condensed version of his 1937 novel, "The Burning Court." The cover illustration is typical pulp style...

The other day while attending the Bola Tie Society regular monthly meeting in downtown Phoenix I stumbled across an old bookstore that had hand one single box of pulps. These included western and science fiction. Prices were reasonable and a couple of them were from the early years...

The single Amazing Stories issue in my own set (through the kindness of Jack DeVany) is that of August 1928 with the first Buck Rogers story, "Armageddon 2619." Incidentally there is a paperback from Ace Books with the same original novel, but it's hard to locate. Cost on the cover is marked as 40 cents...

Speaking of odd copies, in my library is a Danish edition of one Phantom Detective story titled, "Dyrenes Kunge Dræber." It was purchased when I was in Copenhagen. Here is a short paragraph: Richard Curtis Van Loan, den rige arving og playboy, nippede til sin drink og lænede sig mageligt tilbage i stolen vde et af de forreste borde i Nairobi-klubben...You take it from there

Another interesting tidbit is a Greek reprint of Jungle Stories novel "Huntress of the Hell Pack," Summer 1945. (At least I believe that's right. It's all Greek to me)...

Again for the collector who is seeking a top single Ki-Gor issue I recommend "Stalkers of the Dawn World," Winter 1943-44. Here as many of you know he does battle with a Tyrannosaurus Rex...

Did you know there were but two issues of Startling Mystery Magazine, February and April, 1940? According to the bible we use in looking up things like this, Bob Jones' excellent book, "The Shudder Pulps," Startling Mystery had a habit of using covers from such magazines as Horror Stories and Terror Tales. The October, 1935 issue of Horror Stories and the April one of Startling Mystery are identical...

While on this subject it seems to me (and a few other pulpsters) that more are collecting pulps simply for the cover art. Maybe some haven't learned to read for the sheer pleasure of it, unlike so many of us who grew up before the age of visual entertainment like television. Anyhow for those who go for covers that are outstanding we suggest they take a look at many of the Jungle Stories issues and one particular Terror Tales, January of 1935. That one at least will stir the cauldrons of the imagination...

We have just learned by the way that a picture of yours truly taken with author Walter Gibson now reposes in the archives of the Arizona Bola Tie Society in Scottsdale, Arizona...

We also just found out after all this time that a copy of the book "America's Secret Service Ace," dealing with Operator 5 and published by Robert Weinberg as Pulp Classic #7, is listed in the bibliography section of "The Mystery Story," published by the University of California...

Our pat on the back for this time must go to TCM JOHNSON for his digging in to all those facts about pulp authors. He seems to have a real knack of doing this end and we all benefit...

Speaking of authors, when Ryerson Johnson was editing at Popular he usually kept his eyes peeled for novelettes by Frederick C. Davis. That was when Davis was writing stories for Dime Mystery Magazine. "They made such fascinating reading," Ryerson told me. "Davis wrote such a beautiful story." Amen to that.

Remember this column is open to all of you out there. If you have anything pulp oriented worth passing along, drop me a line at 305 South Val Vista Dr. #57, Mesa, Arizona, 85204...

You knew of course that Ron Goulart penned the Avenger series for Arner Paper back Library when the original novels ran out. Well he used a few of the modern day pulp collectors by name in some of the stories. I think that Bob Sampson and Fred Cook showed up somewhere. But check the story "Black Chariots," number 30, page 14, and you'll see what we mean. He had hoped that Warner might sometime ask Ron to do a couple of more Avengers, but so far no such luck...

A letter from pulp author Henry Whittington, crossed my desk recently. (His first pulp story, a novelette, "Find This Man--With Bullets," appeared in Mammoth Western, July of 1950). Whittington knew most of the 'old pulpsters,' like Ray Keen, Frank Gruber, and Frederick C. Davis to list a few. He gave me the name of Yalnace Powell, who lives at the moment in Ashville, North Carolina. There is a possibility Powell may have known Emile C. Tepperman. Powell was acquainted with many pulp editors Biler Jacobson, Mike Tilden, Harry Sidmar, and Don Wellheim...

One pulp contributor we don't see much of is Alan Grossman. He should be persuaded to do some articles again...

Another pulp collector probably unknown to many fans is Dick Myers. I ran him down just recently in California...

Favorite novel section: We asked Alan Grossman to name the Spider stories he likes best: Corpse Cargo, Citadel of Hell, The City Destroyer, The Flame Master, Mordex of the Red Butcher, and The Mad Mordex...

Let's see how they compare to Robert Sampson's: The Mad Horde, The Pain Emperor, The Mayor of Hell, The Gray Horde Creeps, The Eyeless Legions, and The Scarlet Surgeon...

I was asked to name those of Operator 5: Cavern of the Danned, Legion of Starvation, Army of the Dead, Blood Reign of the Dictator, Attack of the Elizard Men, and The Bloody Forty-Five Days. You will note all are from the pen of Frederick C. Davis except the last story...

That's all for this time.

One knows, without the assistance of this reviewer, that The Duende History of the Shadow Magazine is a fine work. Will Murray, Odyssey, and Duende - - Any one of these names is a signal for quality in the field of pulp research and reprint publications; that signal is not betrayed in this latest publishing effort. With the addition of artwork by Frank Hamilton, contributions from Bob Sampson, and a new Shadow adventure by Walter Gibson, this volume sets a new standard for pulp related publishing projects. The Duende History is beautifully packaged and produced with interior photos and artwork and a striking wraparound cover by Frank Hamilton and Robin Storelund. It is the stunning artwork and quality cover reproductions which first capture the reader's eye as one turns through the pages of the Duende History. My admiration for the work of Frank Hamilton may seem redundant but this gentleman's work cannot be praised too much; the examples of his work to be found here are consistent with his past standard of excellence. Artwork by Bob Polio and others is present and very good but credit for the book's artistic impact belongs to Mr. Hamilton. The cover reproductions are numerous, of fine quality, and a valuable asset to the text.

The contents of this book have been well advertised in various publications but these advertisements cannot capture the full importance or excitement of the book itself. "The Men Who Cast the Shadow" by Will Murray is the lead piece and without a doubt dominates the Duende History. In 50 + pages Mr. Murray breaks down the character through these phases. The advertisements inform readers of this publications significant contents; what the advertisements cannot relay is that the wealth of detailed information to be found in this volume is presented in a readable and enjoyable fashion - - not an easy task. Somehow Will Murray manages to present this mass of material without becoming dull or burying the reader in an overkill of facts. The writing is skillful, fresh, and exciting. "The Men Who Cast the Shadow" is complimented by the inclusion of the definitive "Duende Shadow Index" with Published Titles, Submission Dates, Working Titles, Publication Dates, and Authors for the entire Shadow series.

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THE DUENDE HISTORY OF THE SHADOW MAGAZINE is available from Odyssey Publications, P.O. Box G 148, Greenwood, MA. 01880. Printed offset, 8 1/2" by 11" square bound 128 pages of text and art. With a full color wraparound cover by Frank Hamilton and Robin Storelund.

The book is rounded out with articles by Will Murray, Bob Sampson, and Walter Gibson which enhance and continue the tone and pace of the book. Of particular note is the interview with Mr. Gibson - a comfortable visit with the master of the Master of Men. Mr. Gibson provides another of the publications highlights with "Blackmail Bay" - a minor Shadow adventure to be sure but none the less excellent.

One has to search in order to find anything wrong with the Duende History and I will mention only two relatively insignificant points in passing. The book is occasionally flawed by minor typographical errors but not to the extent that it affects one's ability to read and enjoy the text. Also, the inclusion of an "Addendum" is an irritating factor to this reviewer. The "Addendum" clutters the work - it is difficult to refer to the proper sections of the addendum while reading the text and the little pamphlet can easily become misplaced or lost. These minor imperfections certainly do not distract from the overall quality of the Duende History.

In summation, The Duende History of the Shadow Magazine is an absolute "must read" for any and all pulp fans. It is probably Will Murray's most important contribution to pulp research to date (and this is no small statement when one considers Mr. Murray's impressive record of past achievements). Don't wait on this one - if you haven't bought it do so now; if you haven't read it begin immediately. You will not be disappointed.

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